

# His Forfeit Money.

Rankin Deposits \$100  
With Daily Democrat

To Bind Match With  
Stanley A. Kenler.

go Against  
Cleveland Unknown.

Simms Has Match With Reeder—  
General Sporting News.

James Rankin called at the Democrat office Wednesday morning and posted \$100 to bind a match with Stanley A. Kenler.

He stipulates that a pursuit race be unlimited and that it take place within two weeks. He is prepared to raise the amount of his wager to any amount that Mr. Kenler desires. If a match is arranged it is probable that the race will take place at Fountain park.

He stated that he would be prepared to make a match with Geo. W. Aultman for a 15 mile sprint race immediately after his contest with Mr. Kenler. In this race each man is to furnish his own pace. Mr. Rankin will go into training at once for his match with Mr. Kenler provided his challenge is accepted.

KIRKWOODS VS. WEINERS.

The Kirkwoods and Weiners will play at the Buchtel college grounds Saturday afternoon. This is the second game that the teams have played. In the first contest the Kirkwoods won by a narrow margin. The contest was one of the most exciting witnessed in this city this season. The game will be called at 3 o'clock. Price will be in the box for the Kirkwoods.

GAME POSTPONED.

The game of base ball that was to have been played on the Buchtel college grounds, between the Youngstown and Akron Elks, has been indefinitely postponed on account of the death of Roy Hamlin.

FREEBOOTER SECOND.

Cal Stull's Freebooter won second money in the 228 trot at Newburg Tuesday. The race was won by Bucklin in straight heats. Best time 2:29 1/4. Freebooter finished 2-3-6.

HARD HITTERS.

Of course, there is a possibility that when Fitz and Sharkey meet either man may be "stopped" or "put to sleep" in the time before the other has been hurt materially, but there is hardly a possibility of such an occurrence. Sharkey is a good deal better man now than he was when he met Fitz in Frisco. It was claimed at that time, and often since, that Fitzsimmons let up on the sailor on that occasion in the interests of certain pool-room people of San Francisco, who were laying odds that he (Tom) would not be knocked out in six rounds. Fitz denied this. So did the poolroom men, but there is a suspicion extant that there was some such arrangement. However, there is a very little likelihood of any "deal," or "arrangement," in the present case. There is no poolroom, betting of any consequence hereabouts on fights. In fact, considering its importance and the reputation of Fitz and Rublin, there was comparatively very little betting on their fight. I doubt if there was \$50,000 wagered on it in all New York. I haven't heard of more than half a dozen men who wagered over a thousand apiece on it, and the biggest bettor among the lot only owns up to losing about \$4,000, and he is a truthful man. A very short fight between Fitz and Sharkey would excite a good deal of disgust and cause any amount of unpleasant talk. Still both men are remarkably hard hitters. Either is capable of putting the other out with a punch if he can land it in the right place. Still, I don't think there will be any such result. If Fitzsim-

mons' left hand comes around all right, I look to see him defeat the sailor in less than 10 rounds, but I may be mistaken.

NOT SO ANXIOUS NOW.

The attitude of Fitz, Sharkey, Corbett, McCoy et al, who have been proclaiming for months past their eagerness to get at the championship, reminds me somewhat of the attitude of the Hibernian laundress who was a depositor of several hundred dollars in a savings bank, concerning the solvency of which some adverse reports were afloat, says Macon. Calling at the bank, she demanded her money.

"How will you have it, madam?" asked the teller.

"Here ye's got it?" inquired the lady.

"Certainly," was the response.

"Then I don't want it," was the answer, "but if ye's haven't got it, I want it right away."

As long as Jeffries was reported to be in a semi-crippled condition with his arm encased in a plaster of paris bandage, all the above named gentlemen, and Gus Rublin, too, were eager and anxious to get a crack at him, and were sorry, oh, so sorry, that his crippled condition prevented him from immediately acquiescing to their requests. Now it appears that he is ready and willing to fight the Ideas of September arrive, but none of the aspirants for the championship are ready to tackle him. My own private opinion publicly expressed, is that there is not one of the heavyweights who is breaking his heart because he can't get a chance at the big boiler maker. They may say what they please, but actions speak louder than words.

FITZ HAS RECOVERED.

Bob Fitzsimmons has entirely recovered from the mauling he received in his go with Gus Rublin. The discoloration around the eyes has disappeared, and the ankles he bruised in working the left shift too vigorously are fit for service again. In his own opinion he is in better trim than he was a week before the Rublin fight.

"You see, the weather was terribly hot then, and, while I went through my work and made no complaint, I didn't feel the way I wanted to at all," explained Fitz today. "Now I'm as right as rain. I eat like a horse, sleep like a top, and I think I'll be able to step it with Mr. Sharkey in any kind of a pace he may set next Friday night. However, the time is short now, and I suppose it will be best to let the fight tell for itself."

MCCOY IS STRONG.

A Saratoga dispatch says: If any one who thought Kid McCoy a dead one were to see him now he would have a decided change of opinion. The Kid is anything but that, for the two weeks he has spent at Saratoga preparing to engage Jim Corbett in battle have done him a world of good.

McCoy is not the same frail, weak-looking kid that one was used to see on upper Broadway. Instead he is now a rugged specimen of manhood. His face is as bronzed as an Indian; his eyes sparkling as the clearest sunlight and his condition—well, that is to be wondered at. Never before in his life has he looked so well. He says he never felt better. With all this, the wily kid is bubbling over with confidence that he will send his Broadway rival to grass in short time. He boasts little about what he will do, but confidentially he may tell that he will win before the tenth round has begun. He is the same hard hitter which has made him famous. Every blow of his invention he has improved upon, and every blow, known to the fighter he can use with accuracy.

Horseback riding is one of the sports and he has come to be a good horseman. Then rowing is another pastime not done with the impression imbedded in his brain that it is mere training work. He gets pleasure out of it. These two things and his gymnasium and road work have put him in excellent shape.

No longer can McCoy be placed in the list of middleweights, for he is truly a member of that class of which he is striving to become champion. He'll say nothing about his weight, but to a good judge he is every pound of 165, and at that weight he will probably enter the ring to meet Jim Corbett on August 30.

The appearance he bore, leading one

to think two good stiff body punches would sever him, has been greatly changed. To hurt him Corbett will come pretty near having to use all the steam he can put into it, and then it is not at all unlikely that the "Kid" will be there to get some more. His wind seems to be good, and accordingly the impression that he would have to win before 10 rounds if he intended to at all seems to have vanished. In training he boxes many hard rounds during the course of his day, and at the end he is still fast.

His wife is with him, but stepping at the Grand Union hotel. She visits the "Kid" every day at his quarters, and it is no doubt she who infuses him with such energy in his work.

\$500 REWARD.

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Goutiness we cannot cure with Liverin, the Gripe-Drive Little Liver Pill, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable and never fail to give satisfaction. 40 pills, 40 boxes contain 5 pills. Beware of substitutions and imitations. Sent by mail, stamps taken. Write to J. M. E. STEINBACHER & CO., Cor. Clinton and Jackson Sts., Chicago, Ill. Sold by E. Steinbacher & Co., druggists Akron, O.

THE HEDGE.

Fair neighbor of the thatched cot,  
With gloire de Dijon clustered gables,  
So star anvil, on from plot to plot,  
Thou tripping, like a nymph of fables,  
So blithe thy smile, so soft thy tone,  
Thy love so good a life to lead in,  
I'd fain the hedge were overthrown,  
And our two gardens made one Eden!

But "Noli" cry Wisdom, "Share the fence,  
The thorn, the ivy blackbirds nest in;  
Leave something for the finer race,  
Some dream of joy to hope and rest in,  
Some glad surprise, some mystery,  
Of inconceivable meaning,  
Wisdom is wise, My friend and I  
Scaree from the topmost twig by leaning."  
—G. D. C. in Good Words.

NIGHTMARE.

The Sensation That Always Makes a Man a Coward.

"Strange that we are always so cowardly in nightmares," remarked a New Orleans lawyer who has a taste for the bizarre. "I don't believe anybody ever lived who stood up and made a square stand against the amorphous horror that invariably pursues us in such visions. When I have a nightmare and the usual monster gets on my trail, my blood turns to water, and my conduct would disgrace a sheep. I am beside myself with stark, downright fear, and I have no idea left in my head except to run like a rabbit. All pride, self respect, dread of ridicule and even the instinct of self defense are scattered to the winds, and I believe, honestly, I would be capable of any infamy in order to escape. I have no hesitation in confessing this, because, as far as I have been able to find out, everybody acts exactly the same way in the throes of nightmare, and I feel certain I would not make such a pitiable spectacle of myself in real life, no matter what might befall."

"I think that the explanation of the nightmare panic is to be found in the fact that the dream is almost invariably accompanied by a sense of suffocation. It is well established that choking—the 'shutting off of one's wind'—to use a homely phrase—has an effect upon the mind which is entirely distinct and different from that produced by any other form of pain or peril. It fills the victim with such horror and distraction that he is for the moment insane. He will do anything to get relief. This has been brought out on more than one occasion in the defense of men who have been choked and killed their assailants, and judges have held that the circumstances of such an attack should be given special consideration as extenuating the deed. In dreams the entire nervous system is relaxed, and it is natural to suppose that the mental effect of suffocation would be intensified. At least, that is the best apology I have to offer for my sprightly through nightmare land."—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Habit in a Horse's Work.

"When I retired from the contracting business a short time ago," said a well known man, "I had a number of horses that I was anxious to dispose of. Among them was one named Jerry, which for several years had been used to working on a farm. In such work a horse becomes accustomed to lifting his feet high to avoid striking the hoisting ropes. When the horses were put under the hammer, Jerry went to a Harlem grocer."

"About a week later the purchaser of Jerry called at my house and told me that he had a lot of trouble with the horse. He said that Jerry would go a short distance, when he would stop short and lift his feet high, and after doing this would go a little farther, only to repeat it again. I told the grocer why the horse stopped short and lifted his feet and also advised him to look up some contractor and sell the animal to him for hoisting purposes. He did so, notifying me that he received a larger price than he paid me for the horse."—New York Sun.

How He Got It.

In one of Chaucer's Mr. Depew's stories he told of meeting a man as funny as himself.

"One day," said Mr. Depew, "I met a soldier who had been wounded in the face. He was a Union man, and I asked him in which battle he had been injured."

"In the last battle of Bull Run, sir," he replied.

"But how could you get hit in the face at Bull Run?" I asked.

"Well, sir," said the man, half apologetically, "after I had run a mile or two I got careless and looked back."

Suburban Will Put Out Fires.

Grant me space in your paper to make more generally known a fact which has been known to me many years and doubtless to others, that sulphur thrown into the fire of a stove, furnace or fireplace will instantly extinguish the fire in a chimney or flue. If a small bag or parcel of sulphur, say three or four ounces, were kept in

a handy place and used when needed as directed above, it might be the means of saving property and perhaps life.—Letter in New York Times.

Fixed the Gas Company.

"I'll fix 'em," said a Capital Hill citizen when he got his gas bill a couple of months ago. "Five dollars, and eighty cents, hey, when we've been on every night with the exception of two or three for the past month! I'll move, that's all, at the end of the month, but if I don't make that gas meter of mine work overtime between now and the day I move it'll be because I run out of matches, that's all! I'll eat up about \$40 worth of gas and then let the darned gas company keep the \$5 I've got on deposit!"

So from that evening on as soon as twilight fell the Capital Hill man made a tour of the house and lit every lamp from cellar to garret.

"I'll teach 'em to bunko folks!" he said to himself savagely as he started all the burners glowing.

Along toward the end of the month he and his wife picked out another house and made arrangements for moving. The Capital Hill man was delighted when the gas bill read \$29.00.

"This is one time they won't gaud me!" he shouted exultantly as he danced around with the bill in his hand.

Three days before the day set for moving his wife was taken ill, and of course the moving had to be declared off. She is only now convalescing. The Capital Hill man paid the \$29.00, and his friends are now telling him the story about the man who robbed his own trunk.—Washington Post.

Avenged the Slight.

A rich Prussian baron who had bought his title of "von" by some means or other managed to squeeze his son into a regiment of the guards. Once admitted, he was of course treated by the other officers as one of themselves. One day the banker gave a splendid dinner, to which he invited through his son all the officers of the regiment save one, a very nice fellow, who, however, was not noble, having no aristocratic "von" prefixed to his name.

All accepted the invitation, perfectly unconscious that one of their number had been so badly treated. When, however, they took their seats at the table, the absence of their comrade was immediately noticed. Some one remarked the fact to the host, who said in a loud voice, "Ah, you see, we are going to be entre nous tonight, a really select party, you know."

"Then we must not disturb you," said the senior officer present, rising from his chair, and one after another the guardsmen solemnly filed out of the room, thus amply avenging the slight to which an officer of their regiment had been subjected.

His Life For a Hand.

In a little town or village in Gloucestershire there is a church which contains the mortal remains of one of the old Crusaders. In moldering effigy he is depicted on the tomb, while by his side in cold eloquence is inscribed the form of his wife. It will be noticed by even the casual observer that the female image is bereft of one of the hands, and the story runs that the Crusader, while fighting in the east, was made a prisoner of war and brought before Saladin, who, before executing judgment upon him, asked him if there was any reason why he should not be put to death. To this the knight replied that he was but young, and would leave a newly wedded wife, who would bitterly mourn his loss.

"The love of woman is as a fleeting breath," retorted the sultan. "Your wife will forget that you have ever lived; she will love again and marry another." To this the sad knight could only reply that on her fidelity he could rest his soul. "Well, then," replied Saladin, "I will promise on my oath as a soldier that if this man's wife will cut off one of her hands and send it to me I will set him free to go to her." By tedious and slow journeyings the message came, and she, in all piteousness for him who was her lover and her lord, caused her hand to be cut off and sent it to the sultan, who kept his word and set the Crusader free.—Notes and Queries.

A Wonderful Bird.

One day a wonderful bird tapped at the window of Mrs. Nansen's wife of the famous arctic explorer—home at Christiania. Instantly the window was opened and in another moment she covered the little messenger with kisses and caresses.

The carrier pigeon had been away from the cottage 30 long months, but it had not forgotten the way home. It brought a note from Nansen, stating that he was going west with him and his expedition in the polar region.

Nansen had fastened a message to the bird and turned it loose.

We boast of human pluck, sagacity and endurance, but the loving little carrier pigeon, in its homeward flight, after an absence of 30 months, accomplished a feat so wonderful that we can only give ourselves up to the amazement and admiration which must overwhelm every one who knows the marvelous story is told.—Atlantic Constitution.

Brushing a Derby Hat.

Some men will buy two or three black derby hats a season, and these will always look rusty and old. Other men will buy not more than one a year, and that will never lose its deep and brilliant gloss.

"I'll tell you why it is," said one of the best dressers in town the other day. "It is because one man brushes his hat with a stiff bristled whisk, and the other rubs his softly with a piece of woolen cloth. The felt of a hat is such a delicate stuff that a stiff whisk applied to it has pretty much the effect that a currycomb or a rake would have on a suit of clothes. It wears the nap off, exposing the bare gray foundation in short order."

"A piece of woolen cloth, rubbed over a hat with a circular motion that conforms to the grain, doesn't rub off the nap at all, but keeps it lustrous and firm and of good color. I buy one \$2.50 hat a year and rub it each morning with a bit of dandelion. I guarantee that it outlasts three \$5 hats that are raked and scraped with whisks every day."—Philadelphia Record.

An Extraordinary Island.

In the bay of Plenty, New Zealand, is one of the most extraordinary islands in the world. It is called White Island and consists mainly of sulphur mixed with gypsum and a few other minerals.

Over the island, which is about three miles in circumference and which rises between 800 and 900 feet above the sea, floats continually an immense cloud of vapor attaining an elevation of 10,000 feet. In the center is a boiling lake of acid charged water covering 50 acres and surrounded with blowholes from which steam and sulphurous fumes are emitted with great force and noise. With care a boat can be navigated on the lake. The sulphur from White Island is very pure, but little effort has yet been made to procure it systematically.

Cheese in Swiss Families.

The social rank of a family in Switzerland is estimated by the age of its cheese, and the greater the respect due to or the affection for a guest the older is the cheese set before him. There are in each pantry at least as many cheeses as there are boys and girls in the family, for at the birth of every child a cheese is made.

It is first cut into on his or her wedding day, on which festive occasion all the guests partake of a piece of the groom's and the bride's cheese in order to require for them all earthly thrift and happiness. The rest is served as a token of friendly souvenir and heart-felt mourning after the tomb has closed over his or her earthly career.

Moreover, when a Swiss woman falls in love and wishes to pay court to the girl of his heart he goes to her father and asks permission to share the family dinner next Sunday. This is always granted if he is respectable, for it would be considered a deadly insult to refuse. The anxious question in his mind is, "Will papa bring out the cheese?"

Papa does not usually hurry to relieve his fears, having the family dignity in mind and wishing to proceed with due deliberation. If he is indeed satisfied with the suitor, he at length rises from his seat, goes solemnly to the cupboard, takes down the oldest piece of cheese, splits it and hands a

piece to the youth and 4/10 to the maiden, and from the moment they have tasted it they are betrothed.

Both Had Been It.

The revenue cutters of the United States, as you may know, sail as efficient as some of them who sail the little boats, and their services, which are really invaluable to the government, to the coast, and it is a rare thing indeed for any one of them except those of the Bering sea patrol to venture any distance out to sea. Nor is this rule an unsatisfactory one, for, say what you please about it, sea service is not as pleasant as the operations and other romances would have you believe.

"But I am getting off of my story, which applies to the cutter Grant when she was doing duty in New York bay and vicinity. Something had happened to call her down the shore somewhere, and she left the bay one afternoon, and early the next morning, while she was howling about at about seven knots an hour, she hailed a big four master."

"What ship is that?" came the cry from the Grant.

"The Royal Bengal Tiger, 243 days out from Calcutta," came the reply. "What ship is that?"

"Revenue cutter Grant," was the plaintive answer, and we've been out all night."—Washington Star.

A Bold Little Bird.

The honeybird is a well known denizen of many parts of the Transvaal. It has the unique peculiarity that it does not fear men and women, but actually flies up to them, uttering a plaintive low note and, flying about their heads, tries to lead them on to the nearest clump of rocks or kopje. The bird knows full well that under a certain rock lies a store of honey, concealed by the cunning bees, and, rock honey being as much esteemed by birds as by human beings, the clever little fellow tries to induce a friendly being with two strong hands to push aside the rock, so that it may get to the honey.

If it succeeds in its object and the traveler on the veldt, attracted by the bird's flutterings to and fro between himself and the rocks, finds the honey, the bird changes its plaintive tone to one of joy and pleasure, as much as to say, "Thank you very much."

Epitaphs in a Tyrolean Churchyard.

A German traveler has discovered some quaint epitaphs in a Tyrolean cemetery.

On a tombstone in the valley of Tux was this inscription, "In pious remembrance of the honest widow Anna Kriedl, 40 years long." A miller is thus remembered. "In Christian memory of —, who departed this life with out human assistance."

A farmer whose initials only are given and appears to have been the author of his own epitaph has this memorial: "Here rests in God F. K. He lived 26 years as man and 37 years as husband."

On the tomb of a man who fell from a roof and was killed are these words, "Here fell Jacob Hosenknopf from the roof into eternity."

This wall of a desolate husband caps the climax. "Tears cannot bring thee back to life, therefore I weep."

They Took Their Turns.

A young man residing in the northern section of the city had been calling for some time on a young woman, in fact he thoroughly enjoyed the company of her whole family. One evening he called and of the father who answered his ring he made his usual inquiry, "Are the folks in?" He was answered in the affirmative and asked to "step in."

He was ushered into the parlor, and after the old gentleman had engaged in conversation with him for about a quarter of an hour he excused himself, went out, and the eldest son next entered and entertained the young man for about a quarter of an hour. Then another brother and sister, and the young man's suspicions were somewhat aroused when the mother took her turn. A little sister came next, followed in turn by the family cat, which rubbed itself against the young man's newly pressed trousers.

He gave a sigh of relief when, after an hour spent in misery, his sweet heart made her appearance. He begged of her to "put him next" to the joke, and between her bursts of laughter she informed him that "since he was trying to court the whole family papa thought they had best take turns."

It is unnecessary to say that he failed to see the joke and has ceased his attentions.—Reading Eagle.

Nicknamed by Architects.

These young architects are merciless chaps when they are discussing the work of some one else. The spire of one of the new churches in Boston always attracts my attention. Away up aloft there are angels, gracefully poised, each with a trumpet at mouth and leaning far out on the air that swims around them. I have admired that group most mightily. I was commenting in that strain in the hearing of a Boston architect.

"Of what church are you speaking?" queried the architect.

I told him.

"Oh, yes," said he carelessly, "the Church of the Holy Beamblowers. That's what comes of lack of sense of proportion. Those trumpets are too slender."

And now I can no longer admire that seraphic group on the spire. I strive to think of angels, and I fetch up by thinking of beamblowers.

Another church in Boston is in architects' terms the "Church of the Holy Thermometer" on account of some decoration meant to be imposing.

And another is the "Church of the Kindergarten Steeples"—for there is one big spire surrounded by lots of little spires—"waiting to grow," say the architectural people.—Cleveland News.

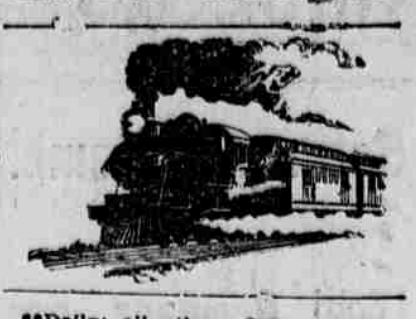
A Good Excuse.

"You wish to be relieved from jury duty, but you haven't given a good reason," said the judge.

"It's public spirit," said the unwilling juror, "on the score of economy. I have dyspepsia, your honor, and I never agree with anybody. If I go on this jury, there'll be a disagreement, and the court will have to go to the expense of a new trial."

"Excused," said the judge.—Tit-Bits.

# RAILROAD TIMETABLES



\*\*Daily; all others daily except Sunday. Central Standard Time.

ERIE RAILROAD CO.

Erie Depot, Mill st. Going West.

No. 1 Express	8:36 p.m.
No. 5 Limited vestibule	7:08 a.m.
No. 15 To Akron only	9:35 a.m.
No. 13 Chicago express	12:22 p.m.
No. 37 Pacific express	6:52 p.m.
No. 37 Accommodation	6:40 a.m.
Going East	
No. 14 To Meadville	2:20 a.m.
No. 8 Limited vestibule	1:29 a.m.
No. 12 Express	8:54 a.m.
No. 4 New York special	12:50 p.m.
No. 16 Chautauqua express	4:25 p.m.
No. 38 Accommodation	4:00 p.m.

WHEELING & LAKE ERIE RY.

Myron T. Herrick, Robert Blunkenderfer, receivers.

No. 1. No. 3. No. 4.

Toledo, (Un. Dep.)	Ar. 7:15	1:20
Spencer	10:15	4:20
Lodi	10:31	4:40
Creston	10:48	4:54
Orville	11:18	5:10
Massillon	11:50	5:48
Valley Junction	Ar. 12:25	6:40
Wheeling	Ar. 3:25	9:20

No. 4. No. 6.

Wheeling	Ar. 5:30	10:00
Valley Junction	8:00	12:55
Massillon	8:50	1:50
Orville	9:20	2:22
Creston	9:45	2:49
Lodi	10:00	3:03
Spencer	10:15	3:18
Tol. Un. Dep.	Ar. 1:20	6:30

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CLEVELAND, AKRON & COLUMBUS RY.

North Bound.

Cln., Columbus and Clev.	8:05 a.m.
Akron and Pittsburgh	8:20 a.m.
Col. Millersburg & Clev.	